

of the Zab, here known as " the Pison, the
river of Eden."
The Zab, only fordable at certain seasons, is
there a fast-
Howing dark green river, fully sixty yards
wide, deep
enough to take the footmen up to their
waists, and strong
enough to make them stagger, with a lawn
bright with
autumnal foliage below the savage and lofty
mountains
on its right bank.

From the Zab we ascended the gorge of the
Kochanes
water by a wild mountain path, at times
cut into steps
or scaffolded, and at other times merely a
glistening track
over shelving rock, terminating in a steep
and difficult
ascent to the fair green alp on which
Kochanes stands at
the feet of three imposing peaks of naked
rock—Quhai-
balak, Qwarah, and Barchallah.

Thus I beheld at last the goal of my
journey from
Luristan, and was not disappointed.
Glorious indeed is
this Kurdistan world of mountains, piled up in
masses of
peaks and precipices, cleft by ravines in which
the Ashirets
and Yezidis find shelter, every peak snow-
crested, every
ravine flaming with autumn tints; and here,
where the
ridges are the sharpest, and the rock spires
are the most
imposing, on a spur between the full-
watered torrents of
the Terpai and the Yezidi, surrounded on
three sides
by gorges and precipices, is this little
mountain village,
the latest refuge of the Head of a Church once
the most
powerful in the East.

Koehanes consists of a church built on the
verge of a
precipice, many tombs, a grove of poplars, a
sloping lawn,
scattered village houses and barley-fields

extending up
the alp, and nearly on the edge of a
precipitous cliff the
Patriarch's residence, a plain low collection
of stone
buildings, having an arched entrance and a
tower for
refuge or defence. The houses of his
numerous relations
are grouped near it. Everything is singularly
picturesque.
The people, being afraid of an attack from
the Kurds,